

## In Memory of Glen Arthur Potter

*Known to his military buddies as “Sid”*



JAN • 64

Photo courtesy of Glenn Brown



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## THE OBITUARY



## Glen Arthur Potter, CD2, LCOL(Ret'd)

*Known to his military buddies as "Sid"*

Family man, military leader, humourist, and great friend to many has passed away in Halifax on the 6<sup>th</sup> of February 2007 in his 71<sup>st</sup> year. He leaves his son Mark, daughter Joy, daughter-in-law Sandra, son-in-law Marcel, and his great prides, grandchildren: Jenna, Courtney, and Aaron. He will also be missed by his brother Tim; and the special ladies in his life: Lisa and Ann, and his many nieces and nephews. Born in Kingston, Ontario in 1935, he was a Naval Air pilot. It was military leaders like Glen, in the Cold War era, who brought the Soviet Union to its knees. Glen was a real gentleman and a man of great wit – a characteristic inherited from his mother and shared by the entire Potter clan. He was the son of the late Arthur and Arlene (Powell) Potter. He was also predeceased by brothers Giles, Paul and Michael, and sister Autumn.

His outstanding military career included:

- '54-'56: Attended HMCS Venture as Cadet
- '56-'58: Flying Training with USN @ Pensacola, FL & Kingsville, TX (Midshipman & Sub-Lieutenant)
- '58-'62: VS-880 as CS2F "Tracker" pilot. (Sub-Lieutenant & Lieutenant)
- '62-'66: Converted to helos, remained in HU-21 as helo flying instructor (in rank of Lieutenant). During this period, he also served as "Pedro" pilot in Bonaventure flying the HO4S
- '66-'69: HS-50 as squadron pilot (Lieutenant & Lieutenant-Commander)
- '69-'72: Served as Helo Sea Training & Destroyer Squadron Air Ops. Officer.
- '72-'73: Staff College, Toronto
- '73-'76: Staff Officer in Marcom and Maritime Air Group HQ (Operational Readiness), ), and Aide de Camp for Nova Scotia's Lieutenant Governor Gosse
- '76-'78: CO HS-423, rank of LCOL
- '79-'82: NDHQ in Personnel
- '82-'90: CDLS Washington, representing Canada

Typical of Glen's selfless approach to life, he offered himself to medical science in a leading-edge operation that was front-page news in the Halifax Herald in November 2006.

A celebration of Glen's life will be held at Cruickshank's Funeral Home on Friday 9 Feb 07 at 11 am.

Following the celebration service, some of Glen's ashes will be spread at sea by his son and daughter, and at a later date, the remaining ashes will be interred in the Potter plot in Cataragui cemetery in Kingston, Ontario.

## THE CELEBRATION



*Photo courtesy of George Plawski*



*Photo courtesy of Glen Brown*

## **Celebrating the Life of Glen Arthur Potter**

*By Bill Crandell*

To Sid's son Mark, his daughter Joy, Grandaughters Jenna and Courtney, his Grandson Aaron, his brother Tim, to Lisa, and his friends ...

It's an honour for me to help you celebrate the life of Glen Arthur Potter - known to his military buddies as "Sid").

And to you Sid old buddy, I know you've got places to go and loved ones to see, but I hope you stayed around for this because we want you to take our love, admiration, and respect on your journey.

Sooner or later we'll all lose at least one medical battle. Sid lost the cancer battle; and, he was fighting nobly to win another medical battle for over 30 years.

It's easy for me to see through the fog of Sid's medical conditions, for Sid touched my soul more than 40 years ago. Though we only shared a few years of his 71 years, I knew the real Sid. I liked him, admired him, laughed with him, and shed a few tears for him.

Sid was a special person.

At a time like this, it's natural for us to feel sad. But, I invite you to help me overcome those feelings for the next few minutes because we have in Sid a life worth celebrating. Let's celebrate Sid's life with a few stories that illustrate the measure of this man.

### **Sid the Military Officer**

In the old military days, if you were within 15 feet of Sid, you were probably saluting, laughing, or both.

Sid and I were military buddies, first meeting in HS-50 in 1967. Hard to believe that was 40 years ago! For you young ones, it will be harder perhaps to believe that 40 years actually defines me as a Johnny-come-lately: Sid's military career went all the way back to 1954, some 53 years ago.

### **Sid's Career highlights**

- '54-'56: Attended HMCS Venture as Cadet
- '56-'58: Flying Training with USN @ Pensacola, FL & Kingsville, TX (Midshipman & Sub-Lieutenant) **where he earned his first set of wings**
- '58-'62: VS-880 as CS2F "Tracker" pilot. (Sub-Lieutenant & Lieutenant)
- '62-'66: Converted to helos, remained in HU-21 as helo flying instructor (in rank of Lieutenant). During this period, he also served as "Pedro" pilot in Bonaventure flying the HO4S
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- '82-'90: CDLS Washington, representing Canada

Barry and Sid were as tight as brothers. Barry called me from Florida and asked me to pass on his regrets for not being able to be with us today.

Sid Potter and Barry Montgomery were my best friends when I was in the military. Two funny yet superbly professional Naval Air pilots. Now let me tell you how special that was for me. They were almost 10 years older than me and a rank or two higher. Now that Sid is 71 and I'm 62, that age difference doesn't seem like a big deal, and now that the military is almost 30 years behind me, the rank thing doesn't seem like a big deal either. But imagine the situation in 1967. I was one of the first four Air Force navigators to parachute into Naval Air. I was a 22 year old sprog Flying Officer, and they were both 31 years old and already accomplished and highly respected in Naval Air. In fact, looking back, I'd say that, for me, they were the very definition of Naval Air. I was a military orphan: no longer serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force, but not a Naval officer either. These guys basically adopted me.

Even so, with their rapier wits, Sid and Barry never ever let me forget my crabfat roots or that I was a navigator. That was a Naval pilot's duty, after all. Still, they made me feel at home in the Naval Air environment. They gave me their friendship and asked nothing in return. And they were great fun to be around. This was the cold war era, and here I was dodging rapid fire wit, not bullets.

They showed me what leadership was all about: BIG hearts, demonstrated professionalism, an expectation that you would perform well, and every bit of it delivered with humour.

In Sid's BIG heart category: we had a sad situation with one fellow years ago. A fellow who didn't treat his kids appropriately. That fellow died young; but, he left huge emotional scars on his son. That son eventually joined the military, and he had understandable behavioural problems – understandable if you were Sid, and you cared, and you watched this fellow grow up. I thought I knew all about this situation until Stu Russell told me just recently that Sid followed this young fellow through his military career and with an invisible, paternal hand arranged for him to get the help he needed to cope appropriately with life. That's a measure of the man.

Back to the 60's. Back then, I had a spiritual handshake with Sid, and the connection has not diminished since. 27 years ago, I went to civvy street and Sid went to Washington.

We had not seen each other for 27 years when Barry called me to say that Sid was in Halifax, in the hospital, undergoing a very serious operation. When I saw him again last November, even before I said “hi”, we shared that same spiritual handshake, just as though no time had passed. That’s a measure of the man.

Just after Sid’s massive 18 hour operation, he needed a 24 hour sitter to make sure he didn’t accidentally pull out his IV or his tracheotomy tube or damage the sites of his operation – his face, or leg, or arm. One young sitter came along by the name of Mathew. And boom: another spiritual handshake! Mathew went beyond sitter immediately and Sid clearly liked and respected him. One day, when I needed to have a confidential conversation with Sid, I asked Mathew to leave us alone for 15 minutes. We were having a coffee in the hospital cafeteria. During the entire 15 minutes, Sid was looking out for Mathew, concerned that we were being disrespectful to him. Now there’s a measure of the man – of both men actually.

If you never served in the military, let me tell how my first CO at HS-50, John Hewer, described those relationships to me recently: *“military friendships are for life”*.

I have since discovered that all of his friends had connected with Sid at the same spiritual level. Once you had that spiritual handshake with Sid, you were friends for life, and the friendships were mutual and long lasting – witness our SidRep experience.

When Sid first went into the hospital, Barry Montgomery started a series of SidReps. These messages went out to their old military buddies, intending to guide us all through Sid’s operation and recovery. As Barry headed south, he tossed me the SidRep pencil, and so commenced one of the most rewarding periods of my life. For starters, I had lost contact with most of my old military friends and I was only just now learning what John Hewer always knew about military friendships.

We had 45 or so people on the SidRep list and I soon found out that most of those people were passing the SidReps on to another 2 or 3 old friends of Sid. So here we are, more than 50 years later with 100 to 150 of Sid’s old military friends watching his progress and pulling for him, sending cards and other means of support, and now today, grieving for him. There’s a measure of the man. And there’s a measure of the military.

In our military days, we were the Cold War boys of the 50s and 60s: too late for the 2<sup>nd</sup> World War and the Korean conflict and too early for Afghanistan. All-weather guys like Sid would take off from the carrier Bonaventure or from a helicopter destroyer in the wild North Atlantic, and sometimes they might have had a better than 50% chance that weather conditions would permit them to land safely back on board. Some fine souls didn’t make it.

Ours was an era when Soviet destroyers would shadow our exercises in the North Atlantic, their guns training on us as we flew by to inspect them. I recall that one of their Captains promised to pick up any of our aircrew who landed in the water; but, he failed to mention whether or not he’d return them to us.



We didn't take any enemy fire but it's clear to me now that it was the professionalism and leadership of officers like Sid and others in this room that eventually led the Soviet Union to Perestroika, and finally the elimination of that ever-escalating nuclear threat. I believe that's one very important measure of Sid's leadership. Now, if Sid did hang around for this celebration, he's probably saying something like: "ya, sure, and Ronnie Reagan was my co-pilot!"

It's a new military today, and you gotta love these guys and girls today, people like Marcel, dodging or prepared to dodge real bullets for the rest of us.

### **The Name Game**

Some of you may wonder why I keep calling Glen Arthur Potter "Sid".

In my HS-50 days, I only knew Sid to be Sid. When Barry Montgomery got promoted out of ORAir, he told me that Glen Potter would be taking his place. Glen who? Turns out Sid was just a nick name. I had thought it was like Sidney Crosby – short for Sidney. Soon, I noticed that he was signing all of his correspondence G. A. Potter; but, we all just kept calling him Sid.

Then, he ended up in the hospital last year. I was calling him Sid, and the nurses thought I had the wrong room. They were calling him Arthur and I thought I had the wrong room. When I visited Sid in the hospital, I engaged the nurses with his military history. After his operation, he couldn't speak at first, and I wanted the staff to know that there was a valuable person with important history under the bandages. One day, a nurse asked me why I called "Arthur" "Sid". And I asked why the nurse kept calling "Glen" "Arthur". I didn't know the origins of "Sid". It was just his nickname. But as with all Sid stories, there was more and, to use Sid's terminology, it was a knee slapper.

Only a day or so after the nurse asked me about the origins of "Sid", I got an e-mail from Dan Munro – Dan asked me to read it to Sid:

*24 Nov 06*

*Hi Sid;*

*Awful lot of water under the Angus L Bridge since that fateful day about 50 years ago when you and Glen Brown arrived in VS880 and Dick Davis decided that two Glens were two too many, and "Sid" and "Charlie" were born! A few years later the brain-trusts decided that you had too much flying talent to be wasted on Trackers, and another Sea King ace was born!*

*Connie and I remember fondly the wonderful times we had with you and yours, and wish you Godspeed and out of that hospital quickly!*

*Love, Connie and Dan*

Aha! Just like the Dick Davis I knew, a good guy who died too young.

So, I picked up the phone, anxious to read Danny's e-mail to Sid. I got the main switchboard. I knew enough to ask for Glen Potter, not Sid Potter. "Sorry, we don't have a Glen Potter", said the operator. "We have an Arthur Potter". But, hey, a rose is a rose, eh, and Sid was a special variety.

### **HMCS Bonaventure circa 1968**

Some of these facts are a bit blurry, but whose gonna hold my feet to the fire after 40 years. Seems to me that we were alongside in Portsmouth, England after mid-Atlantic maneuvers and that it was the fall of 1968. I think Barry Montgomery was the air detachment commander and that Sid was his 2i/c. I was assigned a cabin on the 5<sup>th</sup> deck immediately over the rather noisy and ever-vibrating port screw – no upgrades available to newby Air Force Flight Lieutenants on this cruise. It was early Sunday morning. I was planning on staying pretty much in my cabin and reading a good book. Then I heard a loud bang on the already vibrating metal door – hatch, I think they called it. It was Sid: "Monty wants you to lead the church parade today". I knew just how to get out of this: "Well sir, I don't do church – you'll notice on my personnel record that I selected *other* when it asked about religion." A few minutes later he came back and said: "Monty agrees with you. You don't actually have to go into the church!" You had to get up very early on a Sunday morning to get a leg up on these guys!

### **ORAir**

It was 1973 when Sid and I started working together in Maritime Air Group HQ (MAG HQ). Sid was ORAir (Operational Readiness Air) 3.1 (Pilots). I was 3.2 (Navigators). Sid was a Major (LCdr), and I was a Captain (Flight Lieutenant). Cdr. Frank Willis was our boss (ORAir 3.0). Barry Montgomery (now a LCOL) had previously been 3.1. Multi-tasking for us staff officers in those days meant having a coffee in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and a pencil in the other. Whenever we had writer's block (10 or so times a day), Sid would say: "let's have a Papa Charlie" ... his code for Procrastinatory Coffee. I was probably the only staff officer who looked forward to writer's block. These were bonding moments for Sid and me. During one such Papa Charlie in 1974, we cooked up a business scheme. We incorporated a company called Julis Holding Company Limited. Julis was short for Judy (my wife) and Lisa (Sid's wife). We each had \$5,000 to invest, and we planned on buying two small apartment buildings, one in Dartmouth and the other in Lower Sackville. The deals were almost completed when Sid advised me during another Papa Charlie that he and Lisa had decided to use the money to build a new house in Silversides. So, I signed the company over to Sid and he became a contractor. That house was beautiful and it became party central – we had some great times there, and I'm sure that we managed quite often to keep Mark and Joy awake well beyond their bed times.

In those days, both Barry and Sid loved to rib me, and Barry carries on the tradition today. The ribbing was most often about my two fatal flaws: I was Air Force, and I was a Navigator. They loved to call "All Pilots meetings" even though I always knew I was welcome.

By this time, it rolled off my back like water off a crab. After all, I had 9 years of crabfatisms, having joined HS-50 in 1967.

*[Crab, crabfat - (RN) A member of the Royal Air Force. From the light blue color of the uniform, which is the same as that of the grease (known as 'crabfat') used on gun breeches, etc., in the Royal Navy].*

Seems funny now that all of these guys ended up in the “unified” air force.

Frank Willis also liked to rib me about my third fatal flaw: “Crandell, the more you drink, the soberer you get”. Who knew then that I’d end up with a Frank Willis haircut?

Well, this one Friday in January, Sid took on the task of loosening me up: “Come on Crandell, we’re gonna do lunch at RA Park”

Down went the pencils, out went the cigarettes, cold went the coffee. The half-written General’s policy letter would have to wait another day.

At RA Park, we had tasty sandwiches and a beer, maybe two. We were having an excellent conversation (who doesn’t with Sid). Then Sid said something like: “Jeez, does every conversation have to have an objective? Loosen up. Let me teach you about ridiculousities.” Sid had apparently coined this term, as I have not heard it elsewhere.

So Sid set about telling me that everything had humour. We just had to relax our task-oriented minds and open up to the possibility that everything animate and inanimate could be funny. All of Sid’s buddies know that to be true.

We played hooky that Friday afternoon, as Sid taught me the value of humour. And I was soon going to need it.

Late in the day, I arrived home to a very stern-looking wife. Judy hit me with “where were you?” before I was fully through the door. I thought: “what would Sid say at a moment like this?”. But, she wasn’t about to let me try out my new sense of humour: “The General has been calling here all afternoon and he wants you to call him at home right away”.

I thought: Oh lord! I’m in deep trouble! The only afternoon that Sid and I ever played hooky and I was caught like a trout!

When I sheepishly called General Carswell at his home, he actually seemed delighted to hear from me! What a shocker. He informed me that I had been promoted to Major and that I should not arrive at work on Monday out of uniform. This was a class guy.

Needless to say, Sid had a great chuckle over that one. But, now that I look back on this event, and knowing Sid’s close-to-the-edge sense of humour, I’m wondering if he planned the whole thing with Frank Willis and the General?

## **Some of the Other SidStories from his military buddies**

### **George Laforme's SidStory**

*I began my career flying sea kings in HS-50 assigned to Fraser detachment. Barry Montgomery was the detachment commander, Sid his number two with Terry Wolfmilner, Ron Zboril and myself tagging along.*

*It was a rather auspicious start to my career in Naval aviation and one I almost never quite recovered from. Really, how much of Monty and Potter can anyone take? It was also the most memorable and enjoyable time I spent at sea during my career. How any of us survived that detachment I'll never know. But that's another story.*

*I know Sid well and have always considered him a close and dear friend. He was a fine officer and has the finest wit of anyone I ever served with or for that matter, knew.*

*I served with Sid in Fraser, was his XO when he commanded HS 423 Squadron, went to cooking school with him and Peter Dumbrill and was his friend and neighbour when he and Lisa lived in Silversides. Sid, Lisa, Dianne and I shared many memorable times together.*

*Sid's finest story, from my recollection, was one he told Dianne and I at dinner, at his house one night, and it was a lesson on how to debone a turkey at Christmas, using only your hands, but that's another story!*

*I also remember fondly listening to the likes of Sid, Monty, Ted Gibbon and Peter Dumbrille standing together, telling stories and always entertaining everyone in the wardroom with their wit and their wonderful sense of humor.*

*Anyways, back to our time together in Fraser. We had just finished ships work ups and were at anchor in Grassy Bay in Bermuda. Terry Wolfmilner and I went ashore and on our way back to the ship, late at night, we found a goat along side the road. Whatever possessed us to take the goat with us to the ship I can't remember now but I'm sure it made good sense at the time. Anyways, I was carrying the goat and I believe Terry threatened the coxswain of the ship's boat to let us on board and say nothing. When we came alongside the ship we snuck past the quarter master on duty at the brow and tied the goat in Monty's and Sid's cabin. Terry and I then went to the wardroom, looking quite pleased with ourselves and had a glass or two with Monty and Sid. They both eventually headed for their cabin to turn in for the night and within minutes were back in the wardroom, laughing. They allowed that it was quite a good skit however, Sid announced that there was no way he was sleeping with a goat. Sleeping with Monty was as far as he was prepared to go. Sid then took the goat under his arm and took him up to the captain's cabin, tied him to a table and the goat proceeded to eat a perfectly circular patch of the captain's carpet. We all suspected we were in some degree of difficulty. Jack Watson was*

*the captain of Fraser at the time and he didn't quite see the humor in some of our antics and Dick Donaldson was the XO, who was normally dismayed by what was going on. Poor Dick could never quite believe what was happening in his ship when Monty, Sid and the air detachment were on board. Some of you will recall that the captain's steward at that time was seconded from the army. He was a tall, distinguished man with a beard. The next morning, when we were all standing at attention on the flight deck, the captain's steward could be seen rowing one of the ship's boats to shore with the goat sitting in the back looking quite happy. We weren't sure which one was the captain's steward and which one was the goat!*

*Shortly after that minor escapade with the goat, Sid thought it would be a good idea if we kidnapped the captain of Bonaventure some night, while we were at anchor in Bermuda and brought him back to Fraser, which we did, but that's another story.*

*Sid also thought it would be a good idea if we kidnapped the captain of Fraser that same night, while we were at anchor in Bermuda and took him to Bonaventure, which we did, but that's also another story.*

*The next day, when the two respective captains found their own ships, Monty was invited to pay a visit on Captain Falls, wearing full dress whites, with sword and medals, which he did. Served him right. But, that's another story.*

*Sid, old trout, Dianne and I send you our love.*

*Yours Aye*

*George*

### **Colin Curleigh's SidStory**

*Sid and I attended Staff College together in 1972 (my God, that was 35 years ago!). I was posted there under unusual circumstances. I had been selected as a student three years before, but didn't go because of my last minute promotion and appointment as C.O. of HS-50 - poor Barry Montgomery was sent in my stead. While I felt sorry for him, I was quite relieved because at the time I embraced the old Navy attitude that naval officers didn't need Staff College, especially an Air Force oriented one, and Commanders just didn't go, did they? However their Lordships thought otherwise and I ended up in Toronto, and for my sins was appointed Senior Student of the class.*

*It turned out to be a great year with a super group, and it all culminated in our Graduation Mess Dinner. The duties of the Senior Student included presiding at the Dinner, and the honour of giving the Valedictory Address on behalf of the class. However, at the Dinner when it came time for the Address, I introduced Sid and invited him to give it. I could feel shock and unease running through the room both from my fellow students and particularly from the Staff. The Senior Student had always delivered the Valedictory - what the Hell was I doing?*

*I figured with being the President of the Dinner I would be babbling enough that night so decided to ask someone with the right touch to do the honours.*

*After discussing this with Sid a few weeks before the Dinner, and getting his agreement, I offered no further guidance knowing he would do a great job. And he certainly did. With his gift of words and his cutting wit he captured the feelings of the class in a memorable way which we all know Sid is renowned. He stressed the professionalism, the spirit, the independent-minded attitude, and the good humour of we "Band of Brothers" (his words) after ten months of intensive study, interspersed with many tension-relieving escapades. He did us all proud as I knew he would. Sid was the Star of the evening, although I received a lot of praise (after the fact) for my brilliant decision of secretly appointing Sid the Valedictorian of our class.*

You have to understand that Staff College for the military crème de la crème, and for this soon-to-be General to toss the mic to Sid, well that's certainly a measure of the man, of both men actually.

### **Ken Elison's SidStory**

*In 1961 I was a brand new co-pilot in VS880 and my first flight in the squadron was with a brand new crew commander Lt G Potter. After the briefing I was called aside by the briefing officer and was told that once safely airborne I was to simulate an engine failure. After the preflight, taxi and pretake off checks, Sid lined up on the R/W and away we went. Shortly after the gear came up, as briefed I pulled back the throttle on # 2 engine. Sid calmly reached over and pushed the throttle forward at which time he informed me he was the crew commander and as such he would determine if and when any emergencies would occur, furthermore if I had nothing better to do with my hands try sitting on them. Nough said*

*Ken*

### **Barry Montgomery's SidStory**

*It was in 1961 while living on muddy Digby Crescent in Dartmouth where this story unfolded. Three doors down lived three charming young bachelor Shearwater (VS-880) Tracker pilots, in the persons of Gary (Gramps) White, Jim (Sweeney) Todd, and our hero of the piece: Sid. Round about one in the morning the doorbell rang; I stumbled to the door to be greeted by Gramps and Sweeney, both wearing silly grins. Upon asking whazzup, I was told a vaudeville act was about to start, but that an appreciative female audience was required. Back to the bedroom I went, aroused a distinctly unappreciative female who was persuaded to join me only on the understanding that until the vaudeville act was performed our visitors couldn't be persuaded to depart. To the door we went, whereupon from the gloom of night Gramps/Sweeney announce the impending act ... 'twas Sid himself, bedecked in top hat, tails, even spats, and replete with gold-headed cane. How could we deny entrance to such splendour? Sid then performed a splendid song'n'dance act ... singing "On the Good Ship Lollipop", and soft-shoeing in a fashion that would have brought tears of joy from Billy Bojangles. Only when Sid demanded from his feet "Stay still you dancing fools!" did the act finally end. I dunno about Jim & Gary, but Betty and I were by then both in pain from laughing. I should add that once Betty*

*realized Sid was involved all was forgiven. Handsome bugger can do no wrong by her lights.*

*Cheers, Monty*

You can no doubt imagine that there were many more SidStories. More than I can retell today. And that's a measure of the man. I have compiled the stories I know about and will hand them over to Sid's family at the end of this celebration. I will also e-mail the collection to any of you who ensure that I have your e-mail addresses.

### **Sid the family man**

Back in the 60s, if you went to a gala affair at the Shearwater officers' mess, you will remember Sid and Lisa in all of their finery looking like a movie star couple – but never flaunting it.

I have discovered that both of Sid's ex-wives, Lisa and Ann still carry a deep and sincere affection for him. Now there's a measure of the man ... and of the ladies to be sure.

Tim Potter is the last brother, and he rushed to Halifax to support Sid's family at this critical time. In just a few minutes with Tim, you'll recognize the Potter funny bone.

### **Mark and wife Sandy**

- Sandy: many were the days when I would show up at Sid's hospital room, and Sandy would be there looking after him and providing comfort. I remember one day that Sid said you made him some wonderful peanut cookies. He had hinted that more would be a good idea, and he was very much looking forward to your next visit – for more than the cookies of course.
- Granddaughter Jenna: I have heard that you were his special songbird. He loved to hear you sing and truly believed that you have great talent. When he spoke your name to me it was with wonderful warmth.
- Baby grandson Aaron: one day, I walked into Sid's hospital room and there was Sandy and Aaron. Aaron was in his stroller. He seemed quite comfortable and quiet. This was the period when Sid had a tracheotomy and could not yet talk. For most of my visit, Sid and Aaron had locked eyes with each other – I suspect this was another of Sid's spiritual handshakes.
- Mark: as I understand it, Sid sold his house and left his family and friends behind in Kingston, Ontario to come to Halifax and be with his son and Mark's family in these later years – he didn't know he was dying, of course. He was apparently looking forward to strengthening the relationship with his son. There's a measure of the man.

### **Joy and husband Marcel**

- Granddaughter Courtney: when Joy and Sid both lived in the Kingston, Nova Scotia area, Sid babysat Courtney 3 days a week. He taught her such important lessons as tying her shoes and how to eat a gourmet meal. You see, Sid took a gourmet cooking course with some of his military buddies back in the 70's. Joy tells me that every meal prepared by Sid was a mess dinner – even if it was lunch for him and Courtney.
- I'm told that Marcel and Sid had the greatest mutual respect for each other. When Marcel was building his house in Kingston, Nova Scotia, Sid was the inspector – and the janitor. Marcel is Sid's kind of guy: an avionics technician and instructor. Sid always looked up to the guys who prepared his aircraft for flight and so it was easy for him to admire Marcel right from the get-go.
- Joy: I used to know an Air navigator whose name was ETA Swift. Now I cannot imagine that this guy was destined to be anything except a navigator. And Joy: what an appropriate name – the way Sid would light up when Joy came to town – the way she inter-acted with the hospital staff. If any of you are feeling ill, you might want to adopt this young lady. One day while drinking coffee with Sid in the hospital cafeteria, Sid proudly told me that someone told him that every father should have a daughter like Joy. I said "Sid, that was me who told you that!". No daughter ever did more for a failing father than did Sid's daughter Joy.

Now there's a measure of the family man.

And there's a measure of the family.

I believe that Sid has now tossed the pencil to his three grandkids. You should feel free to stand on your grandad's shoulders and go on to achieve great things in life.

### **Sid the Selfless**

I first met Bud Jardine and George Plater in Sid's hospital room. These were Sid's good Venture buddies. They remarked, quite appropriately, that it took a lot of guts for Sid to agree to this operation.

When Sid and I were doing coffee in the hospital cafeteria 6 or 7 weeks ago, he described what he thought was ahead. He told me that it didn't look good, and that I might wonder why he went through all of this. He then said: "Bill, I hope it will help others who follow". He was offering himself up as a medical experiment. Just like he would have done in a different military era, he was taking a bullet for others.

Now, there's a measure of the man.

**Sid, old friend, you've earned this set of wings too.**



## MORE SID STORIES

*These are some favourite memories from Sid's military buddies.*



*Photo courtesy of George Plawski*

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## **Colin Curleigh's Other SidStory**

*In a lively group discussion you could always depend on Sid to come up with a one-liner that would break up the crowd. There are two occasions that are stuck firmly in my mind.*

*During a serious discussion at the bar at Staff College, one of the senior staff was waxing eloquent on a rather dull subject and asked Sid his view.*

*Sid, with a straight face, replied, "Excuse me Sir, but I think you mistake me for someone who gives a shit". We students all cracked up, and even the senior officer had to chuckle. I have heard that phrase several times since, but it was from Sid, at the most appropriate moment, from whom I heard it first.*

*It's that great sense of humour and the quick repartee that is the hallmark of our Sid, and we are all the better for the privilege of being exposed to it.*

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## **Gord Edward's SidStory**

*Little Known facts!*

*In 1966 I was in NDHQ, itching to get back to flying, but as a fighter pilot, there were no more of those to fly. Hence I lobbied to get to HS-50 and to fly the dreaded SeaKing.....NOT Banshees, but better than a desk for sure. While that was jelling with Personnel, I got promoted, and thus ended up another year in HDHQ as Director of Naval Air Requirements.....sure, a better job, but not flying. Whatever, that meant that HS-50 was now pretty well out of the question, as being a Commander, the only job would be as commanding officer, and while possible one supposes, not desirable, as I always felt that one should have experience in the machines one was going to be a leader in. So, while that was out, I was determined to check out in helicopters anyway, and in my new found job in NDHQ I found I had the clout to arrange that. So off to Shearwater and HU-21 to be checked out in the Bell, and lo and behold, my instructor turned out to be one Sid Potter. We had a briefing and off we went, but not before Sid warned me about over-revving the engine, a NO-NO not to be done at all costs. Naturally being a jet pilot where such things as piston engines over-revving was out of the dark ages, I became somewhat mesmerized with this dangerous aspect to helicopter flying, and thus found it difficult to concentrate on such as the cyclical stick and the throttle and all that other mundane stuff, and thus sort of flew around for about half an hour paying more attention the RPM counter than anything else. At about the stage where I thought it might be nice to go back to a simple Banshee, mostly brute strength and ignorance, Sid put his glove over the RPM counter, thus I couldn't see it, and thus found out it really didn't mean a damn anyway. I went solo two flights later and never looked back.*

*I didn't get much more than 100 hours total in the Bell but enjoyed it all, and mostly thanks to Sid, although who knows, I might have made it with one of the other motley instructors in HU-21, including Ross Hunter and/or Hanky Bannister, et al.*

*Thanks Sid, never forgot it.*

*Gord*

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## **Bud Jardine's SidStory**

*When 880 Sqn. first joined Bonaventure, the ship's XO was Cdr. Lear. His successor was Cdr. Joe Paul. At a cocktail affair on board shortly thereafter, one debonair socially astute S/Lt. Glen Potter introduced his date to the XO: "Dear - this is Commander Lear". "No No", said the Commander, "The name is Paul". And without missing a beat, Glen replied, "Oh - m'dear, I would like you to meet Paul Lear"!*

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## **Ted Gibbon's SidStory**

*Late 50's a major gathering was held in the wardroom to discuss a proposal to build a swimming pool adjacent to the wardroom. The Commander (JPT Dawson I think) was promoting the idea which in those days generally meant it would happen. He was describing the advantages of having an outdoor pool with direct access to the building and in his concluding remarks meant to clinch the membership's support he suggested that it would be great for the married folks whose kids could make great use of it on weekends. In the back of the room SLT Potter, one of a large number of living in officers, muttered; "great, the bachelors can baby sit". There was a pregnant pause while the Commander contemplated the remark then being more astute than any of us would have suspected, he tabled the matter and the proposal never again appeared on the agenda. A proposal for tennis courts in the same location received similar consideration. Cheers, Ted*

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## **Glenn Brown's SidStory**

*In late '59, or early '60, BONNIE returned to Halifax from a cruise. All the Squadron aircraft had flown ashore and after the ship had doubled up, the brow was overrun with departing crew carrying laundry bags. Although the aircraft had departed, a few of the Squadron troops were still onboard, so a Squadron duty officer was required; SLT Potter kindly volunteered to take the strain. That evening, as Sid settled in to the empty Wardroom, he was disturbed by the sight of Commander (Air) Jim Hunter entering the room. Now the spectre of an approaching four striped, brass hatted commander would strike fear in the heart of any SLT, but when the four striped, brass hatted commander was well known for his interest in the arcane aspects of aerodynamics, and his ability to embarrass aviators by exposing their ignorance of esoteric aviation matters, one might understand how Sid felt. Commander Hunter marched directly toward Sid, and inquired "may I join you Sub?" To which Sid replied "not if you're going to ask me any questions." Hunter smiled and assured Sid that he wouldn't ask him any questions, and they spent a pleasant evening together.*

---

## **Dave Cramton's SidStory**

*Must have been in the mid-seventies that Sid was PMC (President of the Mess Committee) at Shearwater. As such, he conducted the general mess meetings. At one such event, somehow the conversation got involved about gavels and their use during meetings. In the jocular manner which we all know Sid possesses, he went on to some length about the niceties of the "pounder" (he the PMC) and "poundee" (the gavel). I cannot remember why all this had to be explained, but I do remember that the mess members gathered were in stitches. Dave*

## THE SIDREPS



*These reports on Sid's progress were started by Sid's good Buddy Barry Montgomery.*

*Barry, heading south for the winter, later tossed the pencil to Bill Crandell.*

*Bill counted Sid and Barry as his best friends from his Naval Air days.*

*We of course were planning on the last SidRep saying "Hallelujah, Sid is out of the hospital and back on his feet!"*

*SidRep 4 Nov 06*

## SIDREP ONE

Hello All:

As Glen is recuperating from his surgery in the ICU, the following is based on talks with his family, so please bear with me if there turns out to be an inaccuracy or two.

By all accounts everything went well, and the surgeon is reasonably confident that all the cancer has been excised. This will be followed in time by radiation treatments when the time is right.

Bone from Sid's leg has replaced that removed from his head; similarly skin from his arm has been grafted onto his cheek. His right eye was removed and will be replaced by a prothesis in about six months.

As you can imagine, all of this is very invasive (head, arm, leg), so Sid is heavily sedated and will remain in the ICU for another day or two. I'll be visiting him when the hospital and family give me the OK, and will follow with more SIDREPS when I can.

In the meantime, I look forward to "Wooden Eye" jokes which I am sure will emanate from that bottomless lode of evil Potterisms. We'll have Sid around for a good while yet.

I am sure there are friends and shipmates I have missed; please pass this on to those you deem interested, with my apologies, and forward their Email addresses to me for the next report.

Best regards to you all, Barry

---

*SidRep 6 Nov 06*

## SidRep Two

Hello All:

Just got through talking to Sid's daughter-in-law, and there isn't much new to report.

Sid has been moved from the ICU, which in itself is a good thing, but is still heavily sedated and has not yet "come to". Visitors are still not encouraged. He had a bleeding problem from the skin graft, which was resolved though the use of leeches. (This is NOT a horror story ... they're helpful lil guys! Apparently he was given a fresh batch of sedation prior to this treatment. A good thing, methinks ... can you imagine poor Sid awakening at that point only to view that lovely apparition with his one remaining eye??!!) I digress, but man I'm looking forward to telling him all this when the time is right!

Will keep you posted.

Cheers to all, Barry

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*SidRep 10 Nov 06*

**Subject:** SIDREP THREE

Hello Again:

Got in to visit Sid today, but I'm afraid there's very little to report. Sid is still "under", and the doctors now say it could be up to another two weeks before he comes around.

A very positive aspect: Glen is among a great family. His daughter Joy is with him during virtually all visiting hours, and his daughter-in-law Sandy has also proven to be a tower of strength and love. His son Mark works in New Brunswick on weekdays but is there for him on the weekends. We hope their attention is somehow getting through; Glen HAS to sense it, I would guess.

I wish I could add more at this time, but I will be dropping in regularly and will report anything new. Betty and I leave for points south next Friday (17th); I hope to have someone organized to take over for me by then.

I like the way Ted Gibbon signs off his Emails to me, so I will do likewise:

Thinking of Sid, Barry

---

*SidRep 12 Nov 06*

**Subject:** SIDREP FOUR

Hi All:

He's awake! Shook my hand, gave Betty a little hug ... and is definitely with it. Even a lopsided couple of grins at some of my foul comments. Whew, this is GOOD to see.

Nurse gave him a clipboard to write with, but he's not quite there yet. I suspect he'll be jotting away when I see him next. Talking will be a whole new learning experience with all the mouth surgery.

The Docs say visits are now VERY welcome from all comers .... extremely therapeutic for Sid to know his old buddies are there for him. For those who can make it, Glen is in the Centennial Wing, 3B, Room 3046, of the VGH..

When I head south on Friday your new point of contact will be Bill Crandell, who has very kindly stepped forward and volunteered to keep everyone up-to-date.

Bill's E-address is:

[target@accesswave.ca](mailto:target@accesswave.ca)

SIDREP FIVE on Tuesday.

Cheers, and thanks for y'all to be Thinking of Sid, Barry

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## **Surgeons mask cancer ravages**

Halifax doctors use man's own bone, skin to rebuild his face

By JOHN GILLIS Health Reporter CH 13 Nov 06

A Nova Scotia man will walk out of hospital a week from now with a few scars but little else to show he had a sizable portion of his skull and face removed and rebuilt with skin and bone from his arm and leg.

The 18-hour "double free flap" surgery performed at the start of the month was needed to treat an aggressive skin cancer that had spread into the man's eye and nose.

But it also marked what's believed to be the first time surgeons in Eastern Canada have used a technique that takes live tissue from two other parts of the body to rebuild a fully functional face.

Head and neck oncologist Dr. Robert Hart, who came to the Queen Elizabeth II Health Sciences Centre in October after a year of specialized training in Edmonton, took part in the operation, along with Dr. Mark Taylor and Dr. Jonathan Trites.

Dr. Hart said the procedure is the only curative treatment for this type of tumour and offers a person not only survival, but a very good quality of life.

"Our main goal with these type of reconstructions is to get rid of cancer, is to restore the function to the best it can possibly be and third to make them productive members of society that aren't housebound by their cosmetic deformities," he said.

The squamous cell carcinoma this man had is one of the most common forms of skin cancer in North America. It can sometimes remain hidden and spread undetected until it begins to bulge or, as in this case, breaks through the outer layer of skin.

It cost him his eye, a good portion of his face and skull and half of his upper jaw.

But Dr. Hart, speaking early last week, said the man should be speaking, breathing normally and eating by now. He'll also regain the full use of his arm and leg.

Because he lost some of the outer layer of skin, the effects of his surgery will be a little more noticeable than with other patients. Still, a person passing the man in the street would probably never imagine how extensive a procedure he'd had.

That's a significant advance over what surgeons were able to offer patients before, said Dr. David Kirkpatrick, head of the division of otolaryngology.

Previously, they'd have to take a large piece of skin and muscle from the chest or back and swing it up, still attached to its original blood vessels, to replace the cancerous tissue cut away.

Doctors might also take a section of soft tissue from another part of the body for the reconstruction but the patient would have no new bone structure to support it.

"You wound up with a not very functional receiving site and you wound up with a defect where you took the muscle from and a loss of function," Dr. Kirkpatrick said. "By taking these free grafts you take a small amount of tissue from areas that really won't miss it and relocate it in an area that will really make a difference."

From the photos Dr. Hart displayed of a similar procedure, it's difficult for a person to believe someone could survive such an operation, let alone resume a normal life.

After the cancerous tissue has been removed and before the reconstruction has happened, the patient scarcely looks like a person at all with such a large portion of his head missing.

Dr. Hart said candidates for the lengthy procedure are assessed for their fitness to endure it. But he said there's relatively little blood loss during the surgery.

"They do very well," he said.

The man he operated on had already been released from intensive care last Monday. After the first nine days, there's little risk of complication with the flaps of tissue used for reconstruction.

Dr. Hart said figuring out how to fit pieces of a person's fibula together so that they'll restore the three-dimensional shape and symmetry of his face is more difficult than harvesting the tissue or sewing blood vessels together.

"The hard part to wrap your head around is how you're actually going to reconstruct that," he said.

Such an extensive operation requires a great deal of co-ordination inside and outside the operating room, both before and after the surgery.

It also depends on a large team in the operating room, in intensive care and in hospital wards as well as the nurses who'll care for the patient in clinics before surgery.

The operation itself required three surgeons and the patient will most likely see a radiation oncologist for followup radiation treatment and a medical oncologist for chemotherapy.

A prosthodontist will make the man a false eye that will be fitted into an implant specially designed for him. Another implant in his mouth will hold dentures to replace the teeth he lost.

Speech and language pathologists will help him regain normal speech as he adjusts to a new face and mouth.

The number of people involved, the materials required and the operating time needed make this a very expensive process, Dr. Hart said.

But he said it's not hard to justify.

"Those costs rapidly get absorbed by a productive person in society as opposed to somebody who sits at home for the rest of their life because they're too embarrassed or uncomfortable to go outside or they truly can't function because of the defect that they have," he said.

Dr. Hart expected he and his colleagues will likely perform 10 to 15 double free flap cancer surgeries a year. In fact, they did a nearly identical procedure on Thursday.

( jgillis@herald.ca)

'Those (medical) costs rapidly get absorbed by a productive person in society as opposed to somebody who sits at home for the rest of their life because they're too embarrassed or uncomfortable to go outside or they truly can't function because of the defect that they have.'

---

SidRep 14 Nov 06

SidFriends:

I visited with Sid today. Lisa was there – she's going back to NF Friday.

Although Sid was apparently awake and lucid a few days back, he was heavily sedated today - to relieve some pain. Though he did come to a couple of times and he seemed to recognize us.

The docs were in (a great team BTW), and they arranged to take him in for an MRI later today. They also said that they'd be cutting back on the morphine quickly, bringing him out of this coma-like state.

The docs also spoke of the next steps:

- ☐ Titanium socket to house an artificial eye that can snap into place, and



☐ Titanium dental implant

Though they also said that some patients elect not to go to those next steps.

This was the first time I saw Sid since the operation. I was prepared for something worse. He looked pretty good, considering what he's just been through.

Sid had my back in the OR Air days, and I had his. It's my pleasure to pick up where we left off 30 years ago.

I'll be seeing him regularly and will pass on your caring support.

My coordinates: 902-221-8687.

Bill

---

*14 Nov 06*

Bill,

I am in Yellowknife visiting our daughter for the next ten days. I had hoped to visit Sid but it will have to wait until I come back.

I would be grateful if you could pass my good wishes to Sid along with my wife's, Carolyn, if you see him, now that he's with it.

Thanks,

Peter Dumbrille.

---

*14 Nov 06*

Hello Sid

Just learned from Peter Dumbrille that you are in hospital in Halifax for some very extensive and difficult surgery and we would like you to know that Lois and I are thinking about you as you meet the challenges ahead and we also wish you a speedy recovery.

Sorry we are not closer so Lois and I could be there personally and give you a hug. We are happy we managed to have lunch with you in Kingston and look forward to getting together with you next time we make it to Halifax. Maybe for the annual fishing trip with Dumbrille next year? Who knows.;

Your friends out here on the Wet Coast;

Love; Lois and Bob George

---

*SidRep 17 Nov 06*

I visited with Sid today. He was somewhat more alert. The Dr plans to take him off all narcotics tomorrow, controlling pain with codeine, etc. They began phsio today, even though he was not much aware of it. Prognosis is very good. He will likely be released in about 2 wks. He will go to Mark's or Joy's home and will have in-home care for a while.

Lisa was on watch today, again – a great comfort for Sid for sure. Bud Jardine & George ? dropped by. I thought that Sid had recognized us and had briefly tried to say something.

Lisa must head back to NF tomorrow. I will drop by tomorrow, Mark on Sunday, then I will take the watch next week,

Thereafter, his daughter Joy will be in town and will take charge.

It seems this operation came with only a 10% survival rate. He seems to have recovered into substantially better odds now. I guess those pre-op odds didn't daunt an old carrier pilot.

He will start a course of radiation as soon as he is able – but, his body apparently would not tolerate chemo.

Tomorrow, I expect he'll be somewhat communicative.

See ya then

Bill

---

*SidRep 18 Nov 06*

George: my apologies for forgetting your last name in yesterday's report. Your friend addressed the "?: "It was George Plater who accompanied Bud Jardine. George is a Venture classmate who went through flight training with us and served in HU-21 before departing for a career in the Coast Guard."

I was in to see Sid today, talked with Joy (his daughter on the phone), and spoke with the nurses.

They have completely stopped the morphine. When we asked if he was in pain, he shook his head "no".

Mind you, he's still pretty groggy. But, the good news is that he was responsive when he came to.

I had Joy on the cell phone from his room, and she got to speak directly to Sid as I held the phone to his ear. Later, I asked if he remembered Joy speaking to him and he shook his head "yes".

A couple of times during my visit, Sid put his hand to his face, and gently traced the outline of his operation on the right side.

Small but important cognitive milestones.

The nurses are still talking about releasing Sid to home care in about 2 weeks. They told me today that radiating would not start until January – recover first from these challenges.

Yesterday, Lisa told me an interesting tidbit: apparently this problem first manifest itself as a cyst on his nose. He had arranged to go into the hospital for a relatively minor operation to remove the cyst; but, then his brother died suddenly and unexpectedly. So, grieving for his brother apparently took him off course and the small problem became huge.

Mark (his son) will be in tomorrow.

I'll SidRep you next week.

Cheers,  
Bill

---

*SidRep 20 Nov 06*

Hi all:

Betty & Lee Myrhaugen were in and so was Sid's daughter-in-law Sandy. During those visits, Sid was lucid, clearly knew who they were, and he tried his hand at writing a note – that didn't quite work ... yet.

I got in late and could not rouse him from a deep sleep. But this sleep seemed more relaxed than last time.

The nurse told me that they intend to have Sid sitting in a chair for a while tomorrow. I'm hoping to see that.

Cheers,

Bill

---

*SidRep 20 Nov 06*

Request:

Pls send an e-mail to me but addressed to Sid, offering your friendship, support and encouragement.

I know that some of you have some very funny and touching Sid stories – these will also make good filler, addressed directly to Sid.

I will populate his binder and read them to Sid,

Thanx

Bill

---

*From Dianne LaForme*

Dear Sid,

We are thinking of you and hope with all our hearts you have a painless, and successful recovery!

We were overwhelmed when we heard what you were about to go through from Barry. Needless to say,

Barry has been keeping us informed and now Bill is. I know many of your friends have been recalling some wonderful, funny, and special shared experiences they 've had with you. George and I, together and separately, have many we treasure and hope in future months to be able to come and see you when we visit Nova Scotia again. Our best wishes and a big hug!

---

*SidRep 21 Nov 06*

BIG breakthrough today! He was sitting in a chair when I arrived today, and he was responsive with head shakes, nods and smiles.

Daughter-in-law Sandy and baby Aaron were there.

He's not yet ambulatory. He was lifted from the bed by a neat machine into the chair. He remained connected to this cradle whilst in the chair.

A long recovery road ahead; but, good signs today.

Got some good wishes and humorous recollections from friends. I'll read those to him tomorrow

Bill

---

*SidRep 22 Nov 06*

Lee & Betty Myrhaugen made it in before I did today, and Sid was awake during their visit.

From Lee:

"We got in for a brief visit with Sid tonight, albeit late, around 1730. Although the nurse woke him up for our visit he did recognize us and we witnessed the devilish twinkle in his eye, which has been his trademark. It was recognition of a weak attempt at a joke, but it was more than his usual attempt at a facial smile. The guy has not lost his sense of humour. It was obvious that he was tired so we didn't stay very long. Nurse indicated they would attempt a shave tomorrow as he was too tired for such an effort today."

Since the operation, Sid has a 24/7 sitter along with normal ward nursing. The sitter told me that Sid was very lucid this am.

I took some of your warm wishes with me (see attached), intending to read them to Sid and then place in his binder. I tried; but, he was too sleepy.

Seems the health staff are forever working with the agitation/lucidity balance. They want him aware but they also don't want damage to healing sites.

The nurse said that they've stopped the quieting medication and they expect him to be quite lucid tomorrow.

On the humour side, the nurse said Sid actually laughed this am!

Cheers,

Bill

==

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23 Nov 06

Doreen and I have been following Sid's marvellous progress through your messages, those of Barry Montgomery and others as re-transmitted to us by Bob Lancashire and Dan Munro. It is such a hearth warming story. It's also nice to read through those messages and realise that real progress is being made at least daily.

I would like you to pass on the good wishes of Doreen and I to Sid. Please tell him that our hope is for a complete recovery and that we will continue to follow his progress throughout with happy anticipation.

Cheers,  
Jean and Doreen Veronneau

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*SidRep 24 Nov 06*

WOW!

## ***The old Sid is back!!!!!!!***

No question that he's with us, responding and even able to say some words!

He's bright as ever!

I read your SidNotes to him today: got lots of chuckles and smiles. No question that he really appreciated them.

I saw him early afternoon and then early evening: alert and communicating (as best he can).

Many of your cards are tacked on his bulleting board. These gestures are unquestionably meaningful to Sid.

Joy is coming to town next Tuesday evening. He's really looking forward to her visit. She'll be here until Sunday.

He was not sitting in a chair today, only because the lift was being used elsewhere. They intend to have him sitting tomorrow.

Sid and I agreed that we'd try to get him writing tomorrow.

And through all of this, he smiles a lot. Courage and humour. These are the ingredients that will assuredly have him walking and talking soon.

Cheers,

Bill

---

24 Nov 06

Hi Bill...

I'm Glen's niece... the only daughter of his brother Mike who passed away last year. I have been receiving updates through the grapevine... I was wondering if you could pass along a message to my uncle for me...

Can you tell him... That I love him and that Dad isn't ready for him to come play proline with him yet!!! :-)  
To take care of himself and that I'll need some advice the next time I see him in Loblaw's.

Thanks Bill...

Andrea Potter

---

*SidRep 24 Nov 06*

BIG breakthroughs yesterday – even more today!

Talking and writing now, albeit with some difficulty.

Definitely communicative.

Clearly appreciates your cards and e-mails.

Doctors don't want him walking on the leg for a while. Lots of healing left to do there (it's where bone and flesh came from for the re-construction).

---

*SidRep 25 Nov 06*

Now that Sid is out of the woods, My SidReps will be weekly vice daily.

This am, Sid was a little groggier, but quite alert at times.

I read the notes from Gord Edwards and from Doreen & Jean Veronneau. He knew who you were and he clearly appreciated the sentiments.

Today, he saw me drinking a coffee and he asked for one. Unfortunately, the nurse said that he could not drink anything (even from a straw) until the trache is removed. Hopefully, that will be within the next week. It's all about his coughing reflex. Once that's working tickity boo, then they won't have to suction his lungs.

Later today, they intend to have him sitting in a chair.

I believe that his son, Mark will be in tomorrow, and his daughter Joy will be here next week.

I know that if he could have said it, he'd ask me to say: "thank you for all of the love and support".

Cheers,

Bill

==

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26 Nov 06

Dear Sid,

When Barry called to first inform us of the difficult situation you were dealing with, Dianne and I were completely devastated. You were in our thoughts and our conversation constantly. We were very worried. However, through Barry's phone calls, and the Sidrep's from both Barry and now Bill, we are breathing a bit easier. Keep fighting old friend and I now know you will emerge from this fight of your life, victorious.

Even though we all don't keep in close touch all the time with old friends, it doesn't mean you aren't always close in our thoughts. During the last couple of weeks I have sat alone and remembered all the good times we shared from our first days together in Fraser with Barry, Terry Wolfmilner and who could forget, Ron Zboril. I'm not sure how we survived!

Dianne and I have recalled our house building days together in Silversides with Bent Nail Construction and all the highs and lows we shared. It still amazes me that in the end, we both ended up with homes in Silversides, and for many years had some of the happiest times of our lives. We both proved that it's possible to build a house with no money and that's quite an accomplishment.

I'll never forget when you, Dumbrille and I went to gourmet cooking classes and kept bringing wine to go with our cooking creations. That poor teacher will never be the same! I'm not sure she's recovered yet! During that same timeframe I became your XO when you were CO of 423 squadron. We had a wonderful time, you were a great CO and we even managed to put detachments to sea that did us both proud.

Glen, you are in our thoughts constantly and both Dianne and I are so happy to know that you're now on "top of the power curve". Stay there old friend.

With our love,  
George and Dianne LaForme

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27 Nov 06

Hi Bill:

Enjoyed a good and lengthy visit with Sid today. He was sitting up in his chair and very conscious of everything. He wanted to speak but I had difficulty understanding him. He was very alert, especially when nurses and the dietitian paid a visit. His sense of humour was ever present particularly when ladies were present. Tried reading his some of the newspaper, but I think he found it as boring as I did. He enjoyed his lunch without offering me any and we managed to convince George, his sitter, that we were brothers together in the seminary. I have no doubt he will be walking soon with assistance. He appeared comfortable but a little restless. His overall progress continues to amaze me after all he has been through.

Regards,  
Lee Myrhaugen

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27 Nov 06

Hi Glen,

I hear you're back and that's GOOD news. I look forward to seeing you again and maybe you and Gary and I can feed some logs into the fireplace with our feet just like the old days on Digby Crescent! Perhaps I'll even fry up some pork chops!!!!

Best regards,  
Jim Sweeney

---

27 Nov 06

Hi Bill - I don't know you and you don't know me specifically. I am a '56 Venture and remember Sid mostly as Glen. We weren't "buddies". I was in Reid Division and went Engineering, but I certainly remember him from those days and the occasional word at Venture reunions. I have been getting updates from Lanc and just wanted to let you know so you could let Sid know Diane and I are thinking of him. The updates are the first thing I open when they appear in my inbox. I have some idea about hospitals. After the engineering course in England I was medically boarded out of the Navy and shortly thereafter spent 3 months+ in Sunnybrook Hospital for major surgery and had a few recalls. So please give him our best wishes. I will be following his progress with interest. After reading the procedures he underwent I just sat back and thought "WOW!!!!!!".

Regards

Larry Wardle

---

*SidRep 2 Dec 06*

The news is good – no, excellent!

Sid's daughter Joy has been here this week, down from Ontario. She has worked magic with Sid.

I confess that I was quite worried earlier in the week: Sid seemed to be sliding back into the fog – not communicative and sleeping mostly.

But, Joy reached into his psyche and pulled him firmly back into reality.

If last week was a 1 of 10, this week is at least a 5.

Joy leaves for Ontario tonight. Her husband Marcel will come down later in December. Sid's son Mark works in New Brunswick, but manages to get in on the weekend.

We'll all try now to keep his brain stimulated and help him escape the hospital.

Later in December, or early in January, he'll start radiation: 5 days per week for 6 weeks.

This week, I learned that the patient who followed Sid into the operating room for the same operation in the week following had died on the table.

Sid is showing great courage and promise.

Cheers,

Bill



---

*SidRep 2 Dec 06*

Sid is visitor-ready.

If you're able to get in, your visit will be very influential in his continuing recovery.

Thanx,

Bill

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*SidRep 10 Dec 06*

My week has been busier than normal, so the last time I saw Sid was Monday. I can report that he was sitting in a chair, talkative, and bright. He was hopeful that he'd get out before Christmas.

Though my subsequent reports from Joy were not so optimistic: he hates the food and I not eating as much as he should.

The Norwalk virus hit Sid's hospital, but not his floor. Since I have a relative undergoing chemo, and since my wife is driving her, I cannot take the chance of going in for the next few weeks.

That said, I am advised by Joy that Sid's nurses encourage visits and that the risk is extremely low.

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Here's a message from Joy:

Hi

It's Joy, just letting everyone know that my husband is now with dad until Tuesday. I am really hopeful that he will make a difference. I must say that having Marcel there is giving me a piece of mind. We both realize that the lack of stimulation holds dad back. I am at a loss, I want to help, yet I am so far away. I really believe he should be out by now. Let's just hope that Marcel can give him the push he needs.

P.s. Mrs. White I did get your phone message and have been very busy these last few days. I will try to reach you very soon.

Cheers to all.

Joy

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*SidRep 15 Dec 06*

Recovery at Mach 1!

Joy has informed me of the following:

Sid is now taking long walks down to the cafeteria and buying coffees for himself. He is chatty and happy – his usual humourous self. This is HUGE progress.

Son-in-law Marcel has taken Sid from the Joy plateau up to yet a higher level. Joy and her daughter will be coming down on the 27<sup>th</sup> Dec to help Sid through his next set of challenges.

In a few weeks, he'll start radiation (and possibly chemo, if his body can handle it). That will make him quite sick again. He is fully aware of what's coming, and he is up for the challenge ... once again. This respite/hiatus kind of reminds me of our staff officer days: whenever we had writer's block (10 or so times a day), Sid would say: "let's have a *Papa Charlie*" ... his code for *Procrastinatory Coffee*.

Cheers,

Bill

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*From son Mark Potter, 16 Dec 06*

In the elevator. On our way to Tim's for a coffee. Glen wanted his picture taken with Aaron, both in their wheels. He wanted to drag, but Aaron wasn't up for it. lol

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*SidRep 23 Dec 06*

I was in to see Sid yesterday and again today. Today we went for a walk down to the cafeteria and had a timmy's coffee. It's quite a hike and a good demonstration of his progress. He uses a walker of course. He was in good spirits and was bright and optimistic, even as he explained the daunting challenges ahead.

Earlier today, Peter Dumbrille and Gordie Edwards were in to visit.

He takes a lot of strength from your good wishes, your notes, your cards and your visits.

Good news: he'll be out on a day pass to spend Christmas day with Mark and the family.

Merry Christmas,

Bill



*Christmas 2006 at Mark's*

*More Christmas 06*



*SidRep 5 Jan 07*

Joy has had to return to Barrie, Ontario; however, she intends to return to Halifax in about two weeks. She is his primary medicine, and he already misses her.

Though Sid is now on e-mail, pls be very patient if you don't hear from him. His vision is very strained in his one remaining eye. I got him a magnifying sheet today to help him read newspapers, etc.

Today, Sid was expressing frustration: anxious to get the radiation over and get out of there. I don't blame him. The radiation starts 12 Jan. He has a growing tumour on his neck, the first radiation target. The radiation treatments will take a toll on him for the next few months. Then, hopefully: he'll be in remission and will be released to a fruitful life.

I have read him your notes. He is clearly moved by all of the support you have given.

Please feel free to e-mail Sid directly at [sidglen@hotmail.com](mailto:sidglen@hotmail.com).

Cheers,

Bill



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*SidRep 12 Jan 07*

Sid's radiation actually started this week, and it seems to have gone very well.

Colin Curleigh was in to visit, and daughter-in-law Sandy has been standing in for daughter Joy this week.

Joy will be back around the 20<sup>th</sup> of January. No doubt, she will take charge and pull him along to the next plateau.

Thank you all for your kind words and donations.

Cheers,

Bill

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*SidRep 14 Jan 07*

Visitors take note:

Sid has been moved to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor of the VG.

Bill

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*SidRep 27 Jan 07*

Sid has been receiving radiation and all is apparently going well. He had a CatScan Friday and the results will be delivered Monday. We are of course hoping that the cancer has not metastasized and that all of the sinus cancer has been excised.

Joy is in town and proving that she was well-named. Her presence and visits from George Plater and Nancy Curleigh have buoyed his spirits. Nancy has provided a wonderful big sister shoulder for Joy these past few weeks. Nancy and Colin plan to visit Thursday morning.

Even a strong young lady like Joy can use the comfort of a mother's presence, and I'm pleased to report that Lisa will be flying in this weekend.

If you're praying, add a line, if not, think even warmer thoughts.

Cheers,

Bill

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*SidRep 29 Jan 07*

Dear Friends:

I have just now received some very sad news: Sid's cancer has metastasized.

Cancer has spread to his lungs (a tumor the size of an orange), also to his sternum, and to his liver.

He may have only 2 months to live.

Lisa, Joy, and Mark were with Sid when he received the news. Lisa believes that Sid understood, though he is not engaging in discussions about the apparent inevitability. Joy is overwhelmed with grief.

He will receive 5 more radiation treatments in an attempt to stop the cancer from spreading to his brain. He is meeting tomorrow with a doctor who will apparently prescribe a chemo treatment.

Joy has to return home to Barrie on Thursday. Lisa goes back to Newfoundland on Friday.

It is generally intended that, in about 7-10 days, Sid will be moved out to his apartment in Bedford, receiving 24 hour care. I will give you phone and address coordinates in a later SidRep.

We all know situations where diagnoses have been wrong, and cancer has mysteriously gone into remission. Let's hope.

I thought you should know that when Sid and I were doing coffee in the hospital cafeteria 5 or 6 weeks ago, he described what he thought was ahead. He told me that it didn't look good and that I might wonder why he went through all of this. He then said: "I hope it will help others who follow".

Thank you for your kind support of Sid and his family.

Bill

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*SidRep 3 Feb 07*

Joy has asked me to send out an urgent appeal: if you are planning to visit Sid, this is a good time.

Bill

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Dear Friends;

It saddens me to report that Sid passed away peacefully this morning at 9am.

And so concludes the SidRep saga, started by Barry Montgomery in November 2006.

I have always been proud to have been part of the Naval Air community, but never so proud as these past few months when you guys and gals stepped forward to give comfort and support to Sid and his family.

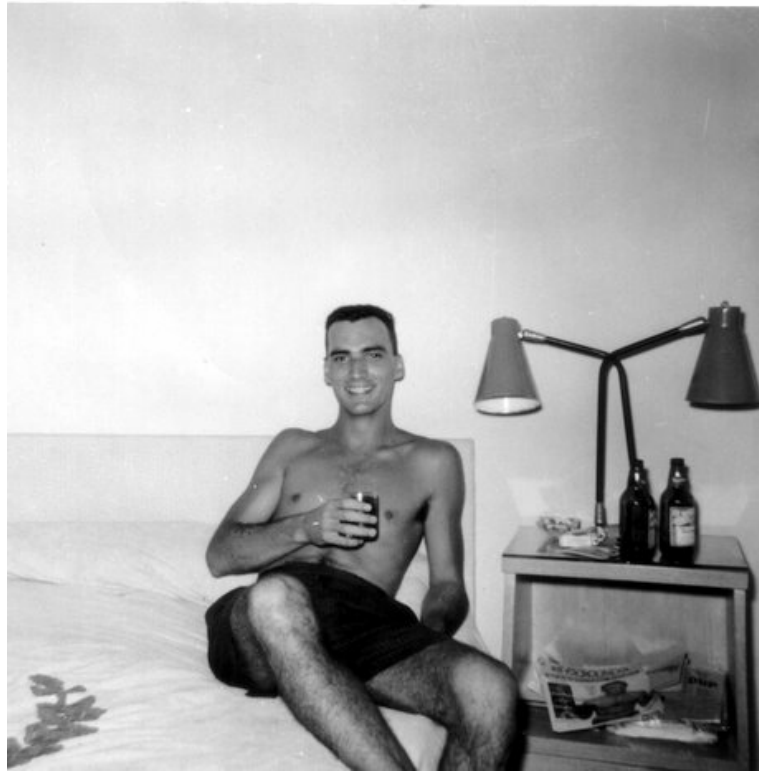
A celebration of Glen's life will be held at Cruickshank's Funeral on Friday 9 Feb 07 at 11 am.

Following the celebration service, some of Glen's ashes will be spread at sea by his son and daughter, and at a later date, the remaining ashes will be interred in the Potter plot in Cataraqui cemetery in Kingston, Ontario.

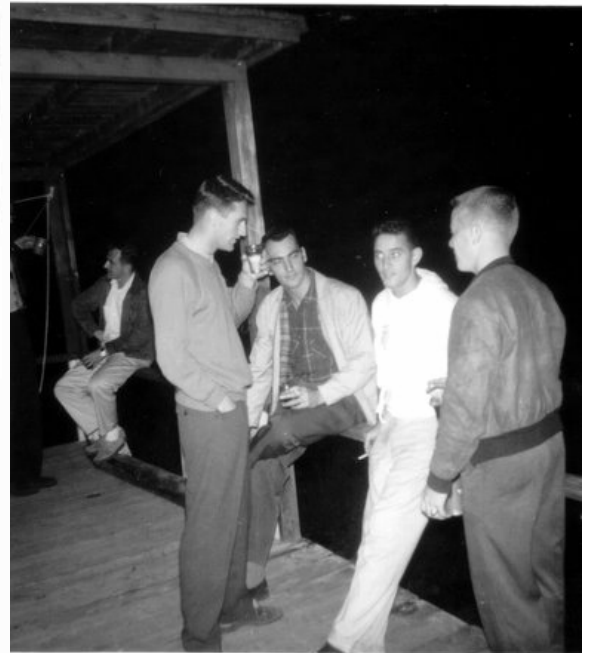
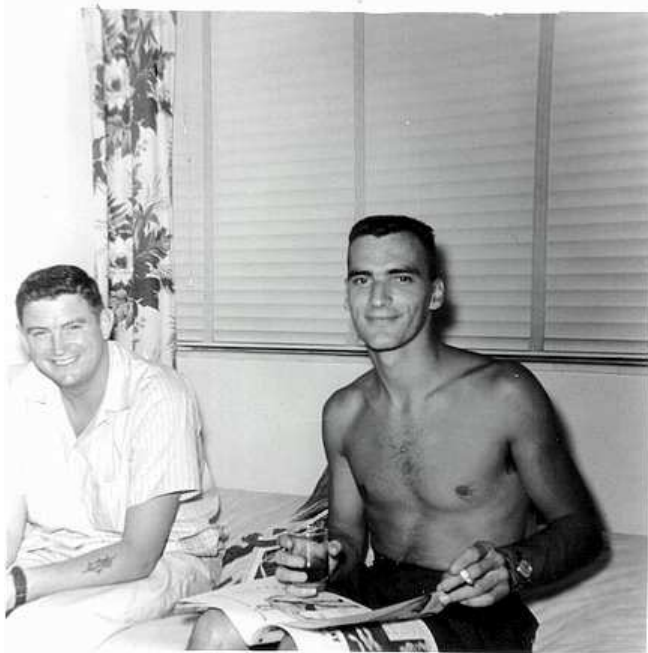
Bill

## SOME PHOTOS FROM THE OLD DAYS

Photos courtesy of Glenn Brown



SEPT 1958



AUG 62





Sid & Bud Jardine  
Photo courtesy of Bud  
Jardine

